

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



IS THIS TO BE OUR PARTING, JAMES? HAVE FITY ON ME!

CAPTAIN STAUNCY'S VOW.

CHAPTER XI.

In these times of macadamized roads and railways, we can scarcely appreciate the difficulties our ancestors had to encounter a century ago, in accomplishing a journey. To travel a distance of fifty miles was so serious a thing, that it was only undertaken on urgent occasions; and we need not wonder, that when the figures increased to hundreds, it was customary for our forefathers to settle their affairs with more care and completeness than men do now-a-days when leaving home for the antipodes. The roads

were wretched in the extreme; in some parts, at certain seasons of the year they were all but impassable, and this, combined with the strength and weight of vehicles built to contend with rough usage, rendered locomotion a slow and tedious process. No one will be surprised to learn, therefore, that Mr. Phillipson and the captain's wife were two days on the road, and did not reach Exeter until the shades of evening had drawn in, and the dusky oil lamps were twinkling in the streets of the city, on the second evening.

Their journey, however, was a delightful one, as far as externals were concerned. A frosty morning, sharp and

crisp, gave omen, as the merchant thought, of propitious experiences, and was regarded as a special boon. It braced up nature marvellously, turning dangerous sloughs into solid roadways; and even if the jolting was thereby augmented, the anxieties of sunken wheels and dislodged cattle were escaped. Instead of a host of forebodings in anticipation of untold depths of soaked clay and sludgy mire, there was the prospect of keeping to the earth's surface, and of doing better than the Devonshire traveller of a certain century, who is reported to have "rode fourteen miles in fifteen days."

The sun shone out most brightly and cheerily on the scene as the travellers wended their way from Northam to Bideford, and enabled them, after they had climbed the old Torrington road, to gaze on a landscape which, though familiar, would have been anew enchanting, had the nature of their errand permitted them to enjoy it. It seemed as if the contagion of ocean's society had greatly affected those highlands, for not more wavy was the Atlantic itself, and up and down they went, until at length they dived into a true Devonian lane, with its towering hedges of furze, hazel, and tangled weed, its sharp descent, its labyrinthine windings, its rough and rocky pavement; and emerged in a shady dell in which a rustic village nestled, surrounded by woody hills and rock-capped heights, on which the grey mists of morning continued to hover.

These sylvan and picturesque districts were succeeded by bleak moors, or "commons," as they are called, where Mary was glad of additional wrappings, and the merchant made frequent appeals to a bottle, with which he had considerably furnished himself. These wild exposed regions stretch away for miles, affording a scanty pasturage for cattle, and supplying the villagers in the neighbourhood with pent and furze. They are for the most part covered with rough grass, ferns, and rushes, and here and there a morass may be met with, as well as a sprinkling of granite boulders, whilst loftier specimens of this primitive rock occasionally spring up in fantastic forms, the hiding-place of highwaymen in days of yore, who drove a good business on these desolate wastes.

And so the face of the country alternated between the romantic and the sterile, until they reached the neighbourhood of Exeter, where the former has it all its own way. But the evening was too far advanced, and our travellers were too wearied, to do homage to beauties of scenery, and gladly did they exchange the biting air for the inviting comforts of the "London Inn."

As soon as Mr. Phillipson had breakfasted the next morning, he made his way to the jail. Unfeeling and selfish as he was, strong qualms of conscience troubled him as he strode along, despite his infidel theories; nor was he able, with all his efforts, to command in still the powers of his scheming, restless mind. For two days he had been travelling with a woman of a sorrowful spirit, whose meek sadness and high-toned Christian principle had embarrassed and cowed him. Her sensitiveness had put to shame his stolidity; her simple-hearted confidence in her husband had roused into spasmodic action the dying pity of his heart. If ever regret had place within him it was now; but, ashamed of these softer emotions, he took a little time to shake them off before visiting the prisoner, and walked for an hour in the streets, recalling into action more congenial feelings which might enable him to act his part becomingly. Having obtained permission to see the captain, he was admitted through a heavy-looking gateway strongly secured, into a yard which disclosed on all sides grim-visaged doors frowning implacably, and small rusty gratings which looked like devouring eyes—the

outward and visible signs of dark and saddening scenes within. There may now, perhaps, be the extreme of pitying benevolence in prison accommodation and usage; but at that time there was the extreme of un pitying neglect.

Through one of these sunless-faced doors the merchant passed with his conductor, into a low dark passage, where his ears were assailed by the chilling music of clinking manacles resounding from cells on either side; and the application of a massive key introduced him to his ironed victim. The captain was stretched on his hard bed, as the most satisfactory position he could discover; but he rose when the merchant entered, and, recognising his visitor, made room for him on his pallet of straw.

"I have brought," said Mr. Phillipson, scarcely knowing in what shape to open the conversation, "I have brought your wife to see you, Stauncey. I thought it would be a satisfaction to her, poor woman, and to you also. Why, Cap'n, I can't believe my own senses. I wouldn't have had this happen for all the world."

"Our wisdom comes too late sometimes," replied Stauncey, "and that's my case. If I could only undo one thing, I could be happy even in a prison. The darkness within is the worst darkness now to me. The iron in my soul is a thousand times more humiliating and painful than these rattling links, believe me. I could have wished, for her own sake, that my wife had not had an opportunity of witnessing my degradation; but her wisdom and love will comfort me."

"As for myself," the merchant remarked, "I came to Exeter mainly for the purpose of securing the best counsel the city will afford, and it's impossible that those Ottops can make head against the searching, withering cleverness of Mr. Whitehead."

"No cleverness will be of any avail, Mr. Phillipson," said the captain mournfully. "I thought the 'Sarah Ann' was mute forever, but she has been made to speak. Did you notice that lumbering vessel in the Pool? There are those on board of her who could hang both of us."

The merchant's cheeks blanched at this intelligence. With the rapidity of lightning, the true state of the case flashed upon his perception, and in an instant exposure and punishment confronted him. The light which struggled for existence in the cell was too dim, however, to reveal his only features, and, contriving to maintain an air of composure, he said—

"Were the remarks made before Squire Hart confined to the scuttling of the brig?"

"I believe so; at least, when I was present."

"No one, then, was implicated but yourself?"

"No one, as far as I know. Not a word escaped my lips that would implicate any one. I simply denied that I was guilty; for acts are to be judged of by circumstances—at least, you have taught me so. If you had done it, it would have been a different thing. I did as I was ordered, and therefore draw a line between duty and crime."

"A distinction," responded the merchant, momentarily startled at his own doctrine when presented in such a practical form, and wishing to rid himself of all responsibility arising from the lessons he had inculcated, "which the law would scarcely acknowledge as a difference. That kind of casuistry, Stauncey, often satisfies a fellow's conscience, and is something to keep the spirits up; but there its utility ends."

"Then you have doubly deceived me," replied the captain scornfully, "and there's a strong temptation to turn king's evidence."

"It wouldn't help you, Cap'n. Everybody knows that the biggest rogues always do that, and judge them accordingly; and as I am at the top of the ladder, and you are at the bottom, it would be all the worse for you. A little palm-grease, and a little hard swearing, would upset you, depend upon it."

"I don't know," said the captain. "It would go hard with you, Mr. Phillipson, if all I know were to come out; and far better would it be for you to devise a plan for my protection, if money and station can do it, than to let an implied threat tread on the heels of a snakish bribe."

The merchant was silent, because he was mortified. His mind oscillated between his two theories of bluster and blarney. Should he defy or conciliate, threaten or cajole? His prudence, however, got the better of his vexation, and he answered, after a short pause, "I admit all you say, Stauney; but suppose the worst comes to the worst, it's no use for both of us to put our heads into one noose; and though life is as precious to you as to me, yet consider for a moment the merits of the case. You did the deed; so that, if I were put up as a breastwork before you, you would be sent to Botany Bay for life—as good as dead to your wife and family—whilst I should be placed beyond the possibility of acting as a husband and a father to them. And then there's your oath, Stauney. How CAN you get over that? whilst, by letting me down helm, that I may pay off, you would leave some one behind, who could provide for the widow and the orphan; and I give you my oath here, against yours."

"You would, Mr. Phillipson? Do you say that sincerely? The widow and the orphan have not had much of your sympathy and care hitherto; and the book which I have so little heeded, says, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?'"

"If I give you my oath, Stauney, what can I do more? That's not a thing to wriggle out of. You might put my life in the scale against it."

The bolt grated harshly in the lock as the merchant uttered these words, and the turnkey apprised them that the interview must terminate. Bidding the prisoner farewell, Mr. Phillipson hastily retreated from a place where all the while he seemed to hear accusing voices—endeavouring to feel self-satisfied, but in reality self-condemned; and as the door closed once more on the captain, the prisoner stretched himself again on the hard mattress, to weigh the chances that favoured him, and the worth of the merchant's promise.

CHAPTER XII.

It required some effort on the part of Mr. Phillipson to secure the admission of a second visitor on the same day; but, having golden methods at hand when others failed, he was seldom balked in his purpose. With a show of sympathy and concern, he accompanied the captain's wife in a hackney coach to the jail gate, and consigned her to the guidance of the porter. With beating heart and trembling steps she followed her conductor; but the dread that stole over her spirit as she crossed the yard, with its repulsive signals of branded character and penal suffering, and the thought of meeting her loved and trusted one in a felon's cell, so overcame her that she sought the support of the mechanical official, who displayed an amount of considerate sympathy unusual in men of his calling.

The obscure and dripping passage was traversed; the ponderous door was thrown open; and the broken-hearted wife fell into the arms of her wretched, repentant husband.

It is a blessed thing that the sorrows of our nature have outlets by which to relieve themselves. Pent up within the bosom, recoiling and reacting, they would surely demolish the frail framework of flesh and spirit—scatter the fire of intelligence—still the wondrous machinery of life. It sometimes is so, indeed, when grief can find no vent, that it paralyzes the brain, and chills the life blood; but generally, relief is found for pent-up sorrow, and Mary Stauney found it so in this her first great trouble.

The captain regained his composure and self-control in a few moments, and was able in some degree to calm his weeping wife. Seating her gently on his hard couch, and taking a place beside her, he broke the silence of that dreary cell, whose walls had so often listened to confessions and blasphemies, to cries of penitence and ravings of despair, by saying affectionately, "Try to bear it, Mary. Little do I care for myself; but I shall soon be unmanned and go mazed if you grieve so. Our destiny must be met, whatever it is; and though it come in such a shape as to cut us to the heart, it's better to yield than to struggle. Endeavour to be resigned, dearest, and strengthen my spirit by your own calm endurance."

"I will, James," she replied. "I feel better now." For not only had the outburst of grief which such a meeting occasioned relieved her, but his plea for a fortifying example immediately roused the energies of her Christian spirit. "It's sorrow indeed; but God can help me to act as I ought, and he will. I want strength to nerve my heart, and wisdom to shape my counsel; and Mrs. Lloyd's last words to me were, 'Remember, Mary, as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' The innocent may sometimes suffer with the guilty, and even for them, but justice shall surely prevail."

"I am *not* innocent," replied the captain, in a firm but husky voice; "I will not deceive you any longer, Mary. I scuttled the brig off Lundy, and Jim Ortop was in the hold watching me. It's a true bill, and as it has been found out, I must give in. What must be, must."

"And why did you scuttle the brig, James?" his wife inquired, drawn off from her sad reflections by the unexpected disclosure, and having a new class of feelings excited.

"Because the merchant tempted me to do it, gave me money to do it, ordered me to do it, bound me by an oath to do it, and so made it my duty."

"Duty, James! That's a strange word. It's no one's duty to do wrong, and that bad man must have spell-bound you with his irreligious sophistry, to fasten such a thought on your mind. I see it all now. He beguiled you with that fifty-pound note. He made you believe that crime could be smothered by obedience. Well! that note will be a swift witness against him. It will tell its own tale of bribery; and the tempter will get his desert. I feel lighter of heart, James. There's some hope yet."

"There's no hope, Mary. I have no witness; and he is a wealthy and influential man; besides, I couldn't turn king's evidence and peach, were it to save my life."

"Peach, James! Is telling the plain truth peaching? Is clearing yourself from a foul blot peaching? Is your character and the good name of your children nothing? Is it of no consequence whether you are separated from us for ever, or spared to bless us all your days? Do be yourself, James, and listen to your heart a little."

"You're getting too warm, Mary. Your strong mind

has gone in for the mastery over your sensitive spirit. There'll be a volcano of excitement, instead of a fountain of tears, and the one is as bad as the other in overcoming reason."

"How you talk, James! Have I any wish or object that is not bound up in your happiness? What I say has reason as well as feeling in it. Your *duty* is to clear yourself, and to change places with the real criminal."

"My duty is pre-engaged," he replied, mournfully shaking his head. "A vow is upon me. My tongue is bound by an oath which cannot be broken without letting loose a curse. To violate that vow would be an unpardonable sin, and make me the hopeless prey of the evil one. No, no, Mary, I'll take what comes rather than sell myself to perdition."

"A delusion, James, a strong delusion to believe a lie. Your superstitious fears have been wrought upon, and he who is beguiling you the most, is the father of lies. A wicked vow can never be binding. There's more sin, far more sin, in keeping than in breaking it. Whatever you may have said or done, the only way is to throw all off as a vile thing, instead of clenching the sin in the way you speak of. No one is bound by evil, to do evil, because he has sworn to it."

"You and I see things differently, Mary. I have sins on my conscience which all the truth-speaking in the world wouldn't rid me of. To betray the merchant after what passed between us when I took the oath, would utterly prevent me from hoping for God's mercy. I would rather the law should take its course, than add to the weight which oppresses me, by doing violence to my conscience."

"But there is no real evidence against you," his wife replied, diverting his thoughts until a more auspicious moment occurred for pursuing her main argument; "who would listen to Jim Ortop, when the mate and Pickard are so strong on your side?"

"You must not comfort yourself with that, Mary. There's more evidence than you think for. The 'Sarah Ann' will speak herself. The poor dumb thing will be made to say, in spite of everything, 'Guilty, guilty.'"

"And are you really going to give yourself up to justice, James, without one effort on your own behalf, or my behalf, or the children's behalf? Will you give your life for the life of such a deep-dyed villain as the merchant is? Will you hold your peace to spare him, and throw away a righteous chance of turning this fearful darkness into light? Oh, James, James! woe is me that I have seen this day. My poor heart will break with all this trouble. Is Phillipson dearer to you than your own Mary? Can you bear that your loved home should become a desolation, a place of weeping and reproach, of poverty and heart-stricken wretchedness? What shall I say, to persuade you that wicked vows are only written in the sand, and that you are committing the worst of sins by concealment, when your life, and my life, and everything is at stake? And is this to be our parting, James? I cannot weep now. I am stunned, paralyzed. I feel as if my senses were fast going from me, as though I must sink down and die. Have pity on me, James. On my knees I ask you to spare yourself for my sake, and to look up believingly to Him who will forgive you all. Don't let me leave you with a hopeless heart, or I shall go beside myself, and who will thank you for the sacrifice? Tell me, James, that you will not throw yourself away, and kiss me as the pledge of it."

"Mary, my heart will break too," replied the captain, sobbing, "if you talk so. I dare not promise. A chain is about me which I cannot rend. What must be, must."

And then, to soothe her he added, "Nothing you have said shall be forgotten; and if we part to meet no more on earth, remember the merchant will provide for you—you may trust him in that, I know; and through the mercy of the Almighty we shall meet again soon, where the shadows of sin never darken, and the tears of sorrow never fall."

"Yours is a strange state of heart, James," she answered. "You think you are bound before God by a vow, and I think he cannot be pleased with you if you keep it. It's a false state of conscience, which your tempter has helped to bring about; but my prayer for you shall be, that there may be light."

"The time's up," said the turnkey, considerably giving the notice without unfastening the door, and waiting still, that the last farewell might be spoken. A convulsive embrace—a nervous pressure of those marble lips—a burning tear on that pallid cheek—heart's utterances—and again the tottering wife was treading that gloomy passage, emerging from the sepulchre of living men. Again the awe of solitude, made doubly impressive by the presence and absence of such a wife, settled down on the soul of the wretched prisoner.

OXFORD IN UNDRRESS.

Few places can be more unlike each other than Oxford in term time and during the long vacation. There is something quite startling in the sudden change, and in the marked contrast between the beginning and the end of June. The varied excitements of the summer term culminate in the thronged festivities of the Commemoration week. But "the charm dissolves apace." Next week the gay crowd has disappeared, and the place is almost deserted. The colleges are silent and empty, and the streets are no longer filled with caps and gowns. There are no well-dressed loungers sauntering down the High Street of an afternoon. You no longer meet at every turn young men rejoicing in their strength and health and youth and spirits, the rising generation of English gentlemen, the like of whom can be met with in no other country under the sun. The amusements of the undergraduates, which afford a maintenance to a numerous body of hangers-on, are all suspended. Their occupation is gone. No four-horse drags rattle through the streets to convey rival elevens to the cricket-grounds on Cowley Marsh, which are now peaceably occupied by sheep. Hansom-cabs are few and far between. The fives-courts are shut up, the gymnasium abandoned, and the bathing-places and the archery-grounds alike disused. The river, till lately swarming with racing-boats, from the lordly eight-oar downwards, now flows on undisturbed save by a passing barge or a *bourgeois* water-party. The boat-builders' yards are forsaken, and the luxurious college barges are all tightly closed. The wearied hacks have at last a quiet time of it, and are mostly turned out to grass in Christchurch or Port Meadows. The beautiful college chapels no longer resound with choral services, and the snug rooms of the men are surrendered to dust and desolation. No longer is the venerable quadrangle of the schools trodden by anxious footsteps, or placarded with class-lists and notices of Professors' lectures; for the dons are scattered far and wide in distant lands, collecting in Norway, Switzerland (and where not?) the materials for some lively volume of "Vacation Rambles;" while the men are enjoying their home circle, or—broken up into congenial reading-parties of six or eight—are planted down to cultivate the Muses in some of the romantic "nooks and corners."

of the three kingdoms. Most delightful things (*ex parte crede*) are these same reading-parties, when well selected. Sometimes, it is true, they are only an excuse for an agreeable tour in agreeable society; but more often a large amount of solid work is conscientiously performed, and a man who means to take a good degree will generally read as hard in the long vacation as in term.

Some even of the college servants, (in Oxonian parlance "scouts,") who often manage to retire on a comfortable independence, are accustomed to indulge themselves with a holiday excursion into foreign parts, and some laughable anecdotes are on record of their exploits on such occasions. The hotel-book is perhaps yet to be seen in the Lake district, in which one of them described himself as "T. M., Exeter College, Oxford;" a statement to which is appended a note of "My Scout, R. C. P.," by an Exeter man who happened to come just after. An aspiring Oxford tradesman, whose tempting shop is well known, is related to have actually purchased a title of nobility in one of the petty German States, and to have been introduced by it at some *Bad* or other, to one of his astonished academic customers. And some of the upper college servants, the butlers, man-ciples, and head cooks, are known to have become comparatively rich men. Scouts, called *gyss* at Cambridge, are curious beings. They form quite a unique class, with strange old-world traditions and ways of thought peculiar to themselves. They have been much maligned, but they are generally pretty honest, according to their own code of honesty. Still, it is well to keep things under lock and key, so as not to put temptation in their way. There is a story of a man coming up unexpectedly in vacation, and meeting a pair of his own trowsers walking down the street; he forthwith proceeded to kick them, and when the scout inside remonstrated, affirmed that he had an undoubted right to kick his own clothes!

Meantime, in the absence of the aristocratic element, the city folk begin to assert their dignity, and seek to indemnify themselves for their long eclipse. Gown is away, and Town reigns instead. They even manage to get up horse-races, regattas, cricket-matches, and athletic sports, in imitation of the University men; and they diligently promenade in astonishing bonnets and capacious crinoline in the various college gardens, whenever the band of the volunteer rifle corps plays, which it does on two evenings a week all through the summer.

The parochial clergy are driven to adopt all manner of expedients by the simultaneous departure of their voluntary helpers and their most efficient Sunday-school teachers; for the gowmsmen do not, as in the Jesus Lane school at Cambridge, concentrate all their efforts on one large school conducted solely by themselves, but distribute themselves among several of the parish schools. And the local Anti-Mendicity Society has to look elsewhere (and not in vain) for the supply of a daily official visitor to the model lodging-house. Many, also, of the resident gentry choose this same season for going away from home for their summer change, and now is the regular time for executing alterations or repairs.

The Union clubhouse, described in a former number, is not altogether closed; but all its departments, excepting the library, are concentrated in the great debating-room, which "fits the purpose passing well." Even then there is plenty of room to spare, and it is much pleasanter than during term-time, when it is too often inconveniently crowded. In fact, if a man has any literary work to do, few places offer so many advantages and resources as Oxford in the long vacation. The unwonted quiet allows the essentially intellectual atmo-

sphere of the place to produce its full effect without distraction. The college gardens, moreover, are then in their chiefest beauty; and most men, being absent from June to October, never see them in their full development. Now and then a solitary party of strangers may be seen "doing" the many architectural lions under the direction of a professional *cicerone*, who will probably impose upon them (with a grave face, and possibly with no intention to deceive) a string of the most absurd stories. But they will be mistaken if from such a visit they think they know what Oxford really is. They may perhaps explore to the utmost what the unrivalled essayist Macaulay pronounces to be "the noblest of English cities," "amidst venerable remains of antiquity, beautiful works of art, vast repositories of knowledge, and memorials of the illustrious dead." They may pace the cloisters of Magdalene; they may compare the hoary gloom of Merton and Oriel with the neighbouring splendour of Christchurch; they may look down with admiration from the dome of the Radcliffe Library on the magnificent sea of turrets and battlements below. But, however thoroughly they may examine the buildings, they do not see the glorious old place to advantage, or carry away the peculiar characteristic impression of a university town. It lacks its main distinctive feature and its racy flavour, when its academic population is away.

Some twenty years ago, Oxford in the depth of the long vacation looked almost like a city stricken with the plague, and many of the principal shops used to be closed. But this is not so much the case now. A large number of new houses have been built in the outskirts,* the proportion of the residents has increased, and the tradesmen are therefore no longer so entirely dependent as before on the custom of the gowmsmen. In this respect Oxford is becoming more like Cambridge. But the traditional difference between the sisters still holds good—that Oxford is a town in a university, and Cambridge a university in a town; a distinction the truth of which any one who is acquainted with the two places will at once recognise. It is the custom at Cambridge for a large portion of the undergraduates to reside for the greater part of the long vacation, and things go on much the same as in term. This is one reason why a considerable majority of the country reading-parties are found to consist of Oxonians. In the last century the same custom appears to have existed at Oxford also, for there is extant the original manuscript of a very interesting letter written by the celebrated Hebraist Kennicott, while an Oxford student, to his father; in which he describes the effect produced by a most stirring and forcible sermon preached at St. Mary's before the University, by John Wesley, then a Fellow of Lincoln College. Kennicott relates that the preacher was a tall dark man, with straight black hair, and a most powerful voice, and that he rated his audience soundly, reproaching the undergraduates in plain terms as a generation of triflers, and the authorities as blind leaders of the blind. We fear it must be confessed that the same rebuke is deserved by too many in Alma Mater at the present day. Whitefield also was an Oxford man; and it is a curious fact that the three great religious movements of the present century—Methodism, Puseyism, and Jowettism—have all sprung from the same fountain-head. But to return from this digression. The writer goes on to say that not only were most of the Heads of Houses present, but the undergraduates' galleries were crowded; and this took place on a saint's day (St. John the Baptist), which occurs in the middle of the long vacation. Now-

* Quite a new town has sprung up beyond the parks.

a-days men can scarcely obtain leave to stay up even if they wish it, and consequently spend only six months out of the twelve in Oxford. The university sermons were preached (to almost empty benches) throughout the vacation, till a very few years ago, but are now discontinued at the end of term. Great Tom, of Oxford, however, from his tower in Christchurch still booms forth every evening his hundred-and-one strokes—a remnant of “the solemn curfew”—as a signal to the porters of the colleges to close their gates. The Vice-Chancellor and proctors (or their proper representatives) are always to be found in residence, to carry on the government and any necessary public business of the University; and here and there may be found also a college don who stays in to enjoy in quiet and retirement his *otium cum dignitate*.

Some few colleges, such, for instance, as Magdalene and St. John's, have their annual election of fellows and scholars in the long vacation. Combined with this is the “gaudy-day” or commemorative dinner, which is sure to attract many former members of the college for a pleasant meeting with old friends amid old familiar scenes—a good custom, which is rapidly being adopted by schools. The summer assizes, with their “robed men of justice,” also cause a periodical influx of visitors and business; and then comes a noisy fair, which for two disorderly days chokes up with a miscellaneous rabble the wide and picturesque street of St. Giles with its foreign-looking avenue of trees. Sometimes occurs a contested election. But all these are merely exceptional and passing excitements, which set off more strikingly the succeeding repose. As soon as they are over, Oxford resumes her undress uniform, and sinks back into her summer sleep, which is difficult to distinguish from the tame and humdrum existence of an ordinary provincial town.

OTAGO;

OR, A RUSH TO THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.—TO OTAGO—THE STAMPEDE FOR MELBOURNE—STEERAGE PASSENGERS—EMBARK FOR OTAGO—DETENTION OF SHIP—THE CHINAMAN—“STOWAWAYS”—“LIGHTNING”—“POGGY”—THE MUSICIANS—WANT OF LIGHT.

In the month of July, 1861, reports reached the diggings of Victoria of a new “El Dorado” in New Zealand. For several weeks the news by the arrival of every steamer from Otago confirmed these reports, and convinced all that gold was actually being obtained there. Diggers clothed with rags, who had been toiling for years and making no more than what would support their poverty, thought of the early days of Victoria, and hoped that days like them might again be met.

In the month of August, many too impatient to wait longer started for Otago to learn by their own experience the truth or falsehood of the reports. Early in the month of September, the steamer “Oscar” arrived at Melbourne from Otago with five thousand eight hundred ounces of gold, and many accounts of individual success on the Tuapeka gold-field. This created a wild excitement amongst the Victorian miners, and caused a stampede of thousands for Melbourne, where several large ships were laid on for Otago. The passenger lists of these ships were quickly filled with names, the owners of which embarked with buoyant hopes. The fever was too contagious to be resisted by a person predisposed to infections of this description, which infirmity I have the misfortune to own, and early in September I embarked for Otago. I was but a gold-hunter, and resolved

to do in all ways as gold-hunters should, and that is, to put up with such accommodation during the voyage as could be obtained for the least money. Many advantages are to be found in travelling by water a second or third class passenger. First of all, there is the convenience of such mode to one who has not the means to go any other way: a truth so self-evident that I only mention it as an introduction to the wish that none of my readers may be compelled to learn it in the same way I was. Then, a second-class passenger may dress to please himself, and not others; and this, to a person who has a love for freedom of thought and action, is a consideration that should not hastily be disposed of.

The first time I was a passenger in an English ship, I was, unfortunately or not, in circumstances that made the lowest rate of passage best suited to my means. I went on board a few minutes before the ship sailed. This, I know, is a great breach of etiquette in a steerage passenger, and my only excuse is, that an hour before, I did not think of going in it. After reaching the deck I remained on it awhile to see the ship leave the harbour, and then went below to have a look at the place where I was to sleep. I was shown a rude bunk, that had not a rag to cover the nakedness of its rough boards. I was without a bed, and I had never heard of passengers being required to furnish their own bedding. I sat down to the table for tea, and then learnt something more. I had come on board without a knife, fork, spoon, plate, pannikin, etc. The reader must agree with me, that a voyage under these circumstances gave promise of being a very interesting if not a very comfortable one. After this, being compelled to join a mess, and take my turn in drawing rations, preparing them for the cook, and serving them out to my messmates, kept the excitement alive in my mind, until I became convinced that in an English ship an uninteresting voyage is an impossibility.

When I started for Otago I was amply provided with housekeeping affairs. Not far from the pier at Sandridge (a place two miles from Melbourne, where freight and passengers are shipped), are places where all things necessary for a voyage can be bought. Knives, forks, “billies,” blankets, fruit, and the “donkey’s breakfast,” or little sack filled with straw or shavings of wood, for a mattress, all can be bought at one shop, together with books and more questionable resources for amusement on the voyage.

I was told at the ship agent’s office to be on board by four o’clock P.M., as the ship would sail then. This was before I had paid the money for the ticket, and I knew that one might safely stay in Melbourne twenty-four hours longer, and be in no danger of losing his passage. In the afternoon of the next day I embarked, and as there was some appearance of the ship being about to get under way, and as twenty-four hours had passed since the appointed time for her sailing, I was simple enough to think she might soon go, and went on board, as steerage passengers should do. The next day, when the growls of the passengers became fierce and loud, the ship was towed by a steamer two or three miles into the bay, where the anchors were dropped.

Here an incident occurred, which every English reader will pronounce disgraceful, but which is too characteristic of prevalent feeling in Australia to be omitted. Some of the passengers discovered that a Chinaman had paid a passage, and was going with them to Otago. A mob then gathered about “John,” and told him that he must go ashore. John, seeing that his berth was going to be an unpleasant one, agreed to leave, if some one would buy his ticket. This no one would do, and John was

told that he must leave or be thrown overboard. The Chinaman went on shore to see the agents, and never came back. After his departure, a discussion arose amongst some of the passengers as to the propriety of what they had done. The Chinaman spoke good English, was respectably dressed, and was evidently an intelligent man. A few contended that he had as much right to go in the ship as any of them; but this by the majority was denied, and once more I had to listen to all the prejudices against John. The great cause of complaint seemed to be that John was industrious, and by perseverance obtained gold, which some white man might get if John would let it alone. He was also accused of living too much on rice, and saving his money to take out of the country where it was made. This was denied by a man who spoke very broad Scotch, and he declared that the Chinamen ate more "roast dukes and fools" than any other class of people in the colony.

When an officer of the port came off to inspect the ship, he condemned some of the arrangements for the accommodation of the passengers, which would cause the delay of another day. This officer was accompanied by one of the agents, or a man from the office where many of the passengers had procured their tickets. He was surrounded by a mob of indignant passengers, and hustled about in a way that must have been very unpleasant to a person who seemed to be on very good terms with himself. Before he escaped from the mob, he was subjected to the indignity of being "bonneted," a term for expressing the situation of a man with his hat crushed down over his eyes.

The next day, all arrangements being completed, we were taken in tow by a "tug" for Port Phillip Heads. While the steamer had us in tow, all the passengers were ordered aft, and while their tickets were being examined, some of the officers went through the form of searching the ship for "stowaways;" but so ineffectual was the search, that although over forty men were stowed away, they only found one, and he was put aboard of the tug. After the search was over, and the passengers began to move about, the stowaways began to make their appearance from below. I was told that the hatches were removed by one of the officers, who passed word down to the boys that all was right, and they might come up. There was one "stowaway" who determined not to show himself until the steamer had left, and remained in the hold. He was foolish enough to strike two or three matches, the light of which was seen from above. The chief officer went down and found him seated amongst some bundles of hay, smoking a pipe. He had acquaintances amongst the passengers, and undoubtedly would have been allowed to proceed to Otago, only for the indiscretion of striking a light in the bundles of hay. On that account no one would speak in his behalf, and he was dragged on deck and thrown on to the tug.

The ship was too crowded. Its tonnage was nine hundred and seventy-four tons, and on it were over three hundred and fifty people, besides the officers and crew. This number of passengers was probably not too large for the tonnage of the ship, or the emigration officers would not have allowed it to sail; but, owing to the arrangement of the berths, we had but very little room. The berths were about seventeen inches wide, and separated by boards so narrow that a man could not move without kicking one or two of his neighbours.

Every day the purser was at his station weighing out the flour, beef, mustard, pepper, etc. The most of the rations were delivered to the passengers, who had to

prepare them for the cook; but our tea and sugar were given to him direct from the purser, and they were boiled together for us night and morning, and made an abominable mixture. I made an attempt to get the tea and sugar unmixed, but was only regarded as a Yankee hard up for something to growl about.

In Victoria, at hotels and private houses, tea was generally given to me with sugar in it, but with a little persuasion I could get it without, until I started for Otago. Fortunately I was not compelled to drink it, for they allowed me to drink cold water, for which I should perhaps be more thankful than I am.

The reader may think that I have shown a propensity for going into trivial details; but I have done so for three reasons. Firstly, These little events and slight annoyances may be something new in knowledge to some who were never at sea, and have some poetical fancies about travelling on it. Secondly, All those who have been much on the water, and who read this, will know that I am a truthful writer, and will believe what is hereinafter written. Lastly, Having resolved to give my experience with all that had to do with me and Otago, I must do the best I can, and will not blame myself for nothing wonderful occurring during the passage there.

I have mentioned that we had about forty "stowaways." Some of these were men of marked character, and were worthy of being studied by any one desirous of acquiring knowledge of human nature of singular development. One of them went by the name of "Lightning," probably for the reason that he had lately arrived at Melbourne, from Liverpool, in the ship "Lightning," in which he had stowed away. Lightning had the art of travelling much at a very little expense. He first stowed away in a ship from Dublin to Liverpool, then from Liverpool to Melbourne, and was on his third voyage from Melbourne to Otago, when he declared that he had only seven "ha'pence" when he left Dublin. The first and second officers were old and experienced seamen, and each of them tried to make "Lightning" do something to earn his passage to Otago; but he was too stupid to learn or understand anything useful.

"Check" is a word much used in the Australian colonies, and perhaps elsewhere, to express a combination of assurance, impudence, insolence, and conceit. Most of the "stowaways" were wonderfully endowed with "check." They were the most noisy in making complaints about the provisions and the arrangements for the accommodation of the passengers. They more frequently than others would walk the quarter-deck, or light their short black pipes in the 'tween-decks.

To prevent accidents, smoking between decks was prohibited, and nearly all were induced to refrain from the use of tobacco unless on the main deck; but there was one man who had attained amongst the passengers the name of "Poggy," who would lie in his bunk smoking a pipe. "Poggy" was told that although he might be very careful and never allow an accident to happen, yet every one was not careful, and that the only way to prevent the careless from doing harm, was for all to be guided by the same rule, and not smoke 'tween decks. The only answer he would make to this, would be a stronger pull at the pipe, which would be followed by a dense cloud of smoke. A consultation was held amongst some of the passengers, and soon after, when "Poggy" was seen with a pipe in his mouth, there was a rush for him. Before he could look about and count his assailants, "Poggy" found himself lying on the main deck, well-beaten, and the fire in his pipe was extinguished in the great Pacific Ocean. "Poggy" was not seen 'tween decks with a pipe during the remainder of the voyage.

The would-be musicians formed a class that added much to the interest of the voyage. Three were learning to play on the violin. Two others used instruments of torture that seemed to act on the principle of a bellows. Another interesting annoyance was want of light. During the day, a little light would occasionally wander down the hatches, but it was monopolized by card gamblers. In the evening three lamps would be hung below, at a distance of about forty feet from each other, but they were of that kind that only seemed to make the "darkness visible," and the three had to be lit before we could distinctly see that one was burning. The rays of light that wandered through the thick smoke-covered glass, threw across the darkness a faint blush of light like the tail of a comet. The weather during the voyage was too unpleasant for us to remain much on deck, and we had to submit to the discomfort below.

THE LAST OF THE MOGULS.

BY A FIELD OFFICER OF THE DAY AT RANGOON.



THE EX-KING OF DELHI.

From a photograph sent for "The Leisure Hour."

SOME little time ago it was announced in the "Fort St. George Gazette," the official organ of the Madras Government, that the native infantry regiment to which I belong was to move to Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah. I was much pleased at this, as twelve years before we had been stationed at Moulmein, which we had preferred very much to India, the climate agreeing admirably with the English constitution, and the Burmese being a far more pleasant people to do with than the inhabitants of any part of India where I have been stationed.

After the usual difficulties of an Indian march, which just at this time were much enhanced by our late governor, Sir Charles Trevelyan, allowing the owners of carts and bullocks to charge just what they pleased, we arrived at Vaniambady, the station to which the Madras railway

had then been finished. The surprise of the Sepoys on seeing the iron horse, when the first train made its appearance, was intense, and the railway authorities (for the most part natives) had much difficulty in keeping the men off the line. The next day we started by train for Vellore, and, after remaining there some little time, we proceeded to Madras, and embarked for Rangoon.

The Madras Sepoys are, and always have been, enlisted for general service, and they—very different from the old Bengal army—make not the slightest objection to going to sea. All that is necessary to be done is, that a party of Rajpoots or other high-caste men put the water into the casks for the use of the Hindoos on board ship.

The following are the sea rations allowed to each man daily:—

	lbs.	oz.	drs.		lbs.	oz.	drs.
Rice	1	0	0	Garlick	0	0	1
Dholl	0	3	0	Onions	0	0	4
Salt	0	1	0	Betelnut	0	0	8
Ghee	0	2	0	Tobacco	0	0	1
Tamarind	0	2	0	Salt Fish	0	0	3
Curry Stuff	0	0	12	Firewood	2	0	0

and of water one gallon each.

We embarked on board H. M. ships "Sesostris" and "Fire Queen," the former in tow of the latter, and had a pleasant voyage across the Bay of Bengal. Nothing of any consequence occurred. The following trifling anecdote, however, will give some idea of the strange character of the Hindoos. I had several children on board, and had taken a goat to supply them with milk. One day it was reported to me that a ship Lascar or Mussulman, who was officiating as my milkman, had, on going up to the place where my goat was tied up, by accident touched a brass vessel out of which some of the Hindoo Sepoys were eating, and that they were angry in consequence. I immediately went up and made inquiries about it, when the aggrieved parties respectfully set forth their complaint. I endeavoured to soothe them, and explained that it was quite unintentional, and happened owing to the crowded state of the ship; upon which they appeared satisfied, but went to the side and threw the contents of the contaminated vessel (the whole of their dinner) into the sea, food for wiser, or at all events less fastidious creatures, than themselves. Doing this in my presence, appeared to me bordering on the disrespectful; but, circumstanced as we were, and taking into consideration what they must have felt at losing their dinner, I walked aft and said nothing.

At the end of ten days we arrived at Rangoon, and I was surprised at seeing such a fine city; for although it has only been a few years in our possession, it already shows signs of wealth and importance. The inhabitants are a motley set, from all parts of the world—Parsees, Armenians, Bengalees, and Madrasses, etc.; but a stranger with a little observation soon sees that the Chinese form as important a part of the population as the Burmese themselves. "Rangoon would be nothing without the Chinese," was an observation I heard made by Colonel Sparks, the judicial commissioner.

A short time after our arrival I found myself named for duty as "field officer of the day." I had been looking forward to my first tour, as the field officer has to inspect the state prisoners confined there, who, I dare say many of your readers are aware, are no other than the last of the great Moguls and his family. They reside in the small house adjoining the main guard, as shown in the accompanying sketch. It is surrounded by a paling about fifteen feet high. In the court-yard were several attendants, and upon going up the ladder and entering one of the small rooms into which the house is divided, I saw Mahomed Shah Bahadoor the ex-king,



PRISON OF THE EX-KING OF DELHI AT RANGOON.

1. House where the ex-King is confined. 2. Main Guard. 3. Shoe Dagoon Pagoda. 4. Main Guard Officers' Room.

sitting down on a bed, robed in *true Oriental undress*, smoking a hubble-bubble. He looked vacantly at me, said nothing, but put out his hands and bent his head slightly to one side, and assumed an aspect as if to express, "See here the pitiable condition I am come to!" He looked very old, and as if he was fast sinking; his sons, Gewun, Buksh and Shah Abbas were in the verandah. Here is a picture of the whole party, from a photograph. The sons may daily be seen taking a walk; until lately they were always attended by two European soldiers; now, however, they are permitted to go by themselves. They are intelligent lads, and are being instructed in English, under the superintendence of Captain Nelson Davies, of the Bengal army, who has charge of the prisoners. Previous to the mutiny or rebellion, our government allowed the king £150,000 a year: now the total expense incurred is under £500!

REPRESENTATIVE CHARACTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

VI.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE greatest artist of all time—one of the most many-sided men that history presents to us—stands central in the Renaissance: a giant whose shadow stretches over the ages since, and who looms loftier as we recede through the centuries: unquestioned King of the Art-world, by the right of transcendent genius. In architecture, sculpture, and painting, he excelled with excellence unparalleled: in poetry he uttered what would have achieved fame for another man less Protean; but this last star of the constellation is dimmed by reason of the excessive glory of the three former. Michael Angelo appears to occupy a sphere of intellect peculiar to himself. Several geniuses seem to have been fused to produce the grand whole of his mental nature; and it is wonderful to know that one and the same man built St. Peter's at Rome, erected impregnable fortifications at Florence, chiselled the colossal statue of Moses, painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and wrote more than one hundred and twenty of the most musical sonnets and madrigals penned during his generation.

It was a very long life which accomplished this variety of marvels. For eighty-nine years, from 1474 till 1563, Michael Angelo Buonarroti lived in Italy: working hard most of that period, unless when the two infancies of extreme youth and extreme age disabled him; trusting

nothing to his mighty genius, but everything to his mighty perseverance. A most admirable figure he seems to us, as we look back from our far better and quieter era: a man thoroughly manly, self-contained, God-fearing, modest as to his own merits, yet steadfast in requiring that respect from grand-duke, doge, or pope, which befitted his profession; a man among the largest-minded and noblest that the whole Cinque-cento brings before us; and, in his last years, a humble and earnest Christian of the true evangelic type.

He was descended from the ancient family of the Counts of Canossa, but seems to have gained nothing more than lineage from the fact. His father had many children, and allotted them to various branches of trade and commerce: while Michael, on whose birth the planets Mars and Venus were said to have beamed in favourable conjunction, was put to school in Florence, and destined to be the learned man of the family. But soon a tremendous flaw was found in the pupil. There was no getting him to stay by his books. In fact, he was always sketching and scribbling, wherever a blank bit of paper, or even a blank wall, offered itself to pencil or charcoal. With dismay his father found that the upper chambers and passages of his house were defaced by the limnings of the idle boy. Little did the good man dream that after three hundred years that house should be a Mecca of artists, a shrine of pilgrimage, for the sake of those very charcoal outlines! Encased in folding-doors on the staircase is yet extant a black chalk sketch of a half-length man playing a reed-pipe—one of the scribbles which got Michael Angelo into early trouble, and procured him even corporal punishment from his angry father; while, for the sake of the promised power therein evinced, any artist would forgive any amount of peccadilloes.

But persuasion and punishment alike failed to alter the bent of the boy's taste; also was he impervious to the consideration that the business of a painter was decidedly plebeian, and not at all suitable for a descendant from the Counts of Canossa. At last his father consented to his being bound for three years to the eminent artist Ghirlandajo, then at the head of the profession in Florence; and the master agreed, as per covenants of the indentures yet remaining, to pay his pupil twenty-four golden florins during the term of their agreement, instead of receiving a fee with the pupil, as was usual.

Ghirlandajo at once had seen that this lad, Buonarroti, was no ordinary apprentice. Some short time after

rejoining him in paradise: of which God has vouchsafed to me as it were the pledge, by the great blessedness of his last moments. His chief regret in dying was, that he left me in this deceitful world, pressed upon by so many sorrows; though, indeed, the greater part of me is departed together with him, nor aught remains behind but the keenest sense of bereavement." What a picture of the loving connection of servant with master! what a testimony to the amiable heart of the great man!

Long before this period, Michael Angelo had received the truth of God from his holy word, and knew himself fixed on the eternal foundation of the Redeemer's merits, regenerated through Christ Jesus. The first person who appears to have drawn his attention most particularly to this all-important subject, with practical effect, was the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara. He who had drank in the burning eloquence of Savonarola was not unprepared to accept the doctrines of the Reformers. From the year 1537 there is a marked change in his poetry, which had always been the expression of his deepest feelings. Platonic theories give way to a living Christianity, and an intense trust in the Saviour of sinners. He utters such words as these: (we quote from Harford's translation):—

"My spirit now, midst errors multiform,
Weak, wearied, and infirm, pardon implores:
O Lord most high, extend to me that chain
Which links within its grasp each gift divine.
Chiefest to Faith I bid my soul aspire,
The gift of gifts. . . ."

And in another sonnet:—

"Despite thy promises, O Lord, 'twould seem
Too much to hope that even love like thine
Can overlook my countless wanderings:
And yet thy blood helps me to comprehend,
That if thy pangs for us were measureless,
Not less beyond all measure is thy grace."

Again, respecting the regeneration of the Divine Spirit:—

"To what excess of grief and woe I'm born,
If, Lord, through thee I be not born again!
Nor have I, prompt for use, the needful power
My life, love, manners, and my lot to change,
Without thine aid, enlightening and divine."

The last poem which he sent his correspondent Vasari, closes with the beautiful couplet:—

"My one sole refuge is that love Divine,
Which from the cross stretched forth its arms to save."

In such blessed confidence died this mightiest of artists, within a fortnight of entering on his ninetieth year. His will was laconic, as follows:—

"I commend my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my property to the nearest of kin."

His last words were to entreat those about his bed to remind him of the sufferings of his Saviour, and we have no record of Romish mummeries in his dying hour.

A funeral, the most magnificent that Florence could furnish, with all the art and wealth of Italy to back her endeavours, attended his remains to their last resting-place in the church of Santa Croce. During the preparations, and after the body had been inclosed twenty-two days, the coffin was opened that all men might look their last upon Michael Angelo. A very aged man, wrapt in gentle but profound sleep, was the impression borne away by the spectators.

Lessons to be learned from this life are various. Truth, independence, self-reliance, kindness, common-sense, laboriousness, are features of Michael Angelo's character, which all may copy. The most unconquerable perseverance and hard work built up his efforts of genius. "In an age of gross venality and corruption

he was a model of strict honour and high principle:" in an atmosphere of irreligion and foul conduct he kept himself uncontaminated. His glory, as a virtuous high-souled man, is, to our thinking, more admirable than even his unequalled feats in art; and the name of Michael Angelo is to be revered for purity and piety, quite as much as for its pre-eminence among the masters of human intellect.

LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER IV.—MR. RIVERS IN HIS NEW SPHERE OF DUTY—
TWO WAYS OF VIEWING A SUBJECT.

"It's quite right, Mr. Rivers, perfectly just indeed, sir; I agree with what you have said from first to last; but you see it does not alter my resolution, because when my mind is once made up about a subject, I am not a man to chop and change about again."

"Not even if you happened to see a thing in a new light?" suggested the clergyman.

"But I don't see it in a new light. I have looked at it in all lights before now, and always come to just the same conclusion respecting it."

"Then, Mr. Hardcastle, you decline to accede to either of my requests?"

"On principle, sir—simply on principle; I am sorry to do it now: it is on my conscience, Mr. Rivers: I regret you should have had so fruitless an errand this morning; but you see, my dear sir"—and the iron-master drew his chair closer to the clergyman, and assumed a confidential tone—"you see I am a man of the world—not a poor man, that I do not pretend to be," as with a deprecatory wave of the hand he glanced round an apartment not unworthy a nobleman, "but I'm a man who has made his own way through life, and not without a hard push for it either. I don't blush to say, sir, that my father and his father before him wore the dress of a collier. Now, what has been the result of my experience? Why, that there's a time for everything and a place for everything. Now, Mr. Rivers, your place is the pulpit."

"Not always," said he, laughing. "You wouldn't tie a poor fellow up there for life!"

"Tut, tut, sir!" said the other, impatiently. "You know what I mean. I say the pulpit is what may be called your sphere of action, and, from what I hear, no one is more fitted than yourself to adorn such a sphere. Now, when I say 'There's a place for everything,' I include religion; and when I say 'Your place is the pulpit,' I mean, *stick to it!* Say what you have got to say there; strike as hard as you please, and spare nobody; but don't come trying to thrust your doctrines upon my work-people; don't come trying to make them neglect their duty to their employer, and leave their appointed work undone while they listen to your preaching."

The iron-master was seized with a righteous indignation on the subject, and the manner in which he thrust his hands into his pockets, and severely crossed his boots, evinced his opinion that he *had* Mr. Rivers there, and that, if the latter were not annihilated, he ought to be. He did not seem so, however, by any means.

"I need hardly remind you, Mr. Hardcastle," he replied, "that your men have another employer who is greater than you, and that learning their duty to Him will not make them unmindful of what they owe to yourself. You must surely remember, too, that the time in which I asked permission to address them could hardly have interfered with their daily avocations."

"Well, Mr. Rivers!—well, sir! I see you are a

logician, and can make out a good case; but, as I said before, my mind is quite made up, sir—*quite* made up. 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' Not a bad maxim that, Mr. Rivers, for daily application."

"It depends, I think, upon the *sort* of application we make of it; and you must allow me once more to say, Mr. Hardcastle—but the iron-master's hand and eye were on his watch (a massive gold one with a ponderous chain), and he had risen from his seat.

"Now, it's a rude thing to do, Mr. Rivers, but you know how we men of business are situated, and I believe I need not say a word about it. I have an appointment some distance off at one, and it's half-past twelve now."

"Well, since your mind is so completely made up," said Mr. Rivers, "my further presence is certainly useless; so, good morning to you."

"Good morning to you, my dear sir. I am glad to have had even this opportunity of making your acquaintance. Recollect, now, I dine at six: any time you feel disposed to come and eat your mutton in a plain way, with plain people, you will always find a knife and fork, and a good glass of XX at your service. Good morning."

He was civilly bowed out, and the door of the rich man's house closed behind him with a portentous clang.

The faithful Pepper, who was impatiently awaiting his return on the steps, soon discovered that his master was somewhat "out of sorts." He barked at him, and jumped upon him, but the usual response to such friendly attentions was withheld. Pepper, though much perplexed, made considerable allowance in his own mind for his master's dejection; and indeed there was cause for it. Mr. Hardcastle's was not the first rebuff he had met with that morning. In his pocket-book were now inclosed two letters which that day's post had brought him. Both were in answer to appeals for assistance on his part, and ran as follows:—

"Reverend Sir,—I am in receipt of your favour of the 7th inst. I regret that I am unable to comply with your request. Not having your personal acquaintance, I shall not be suspected of individual disrespect, when I say, with reference to the contents of your note, that, did the clergy attend to their own business, as they ought to do, and not so much leave it to other people, *Scripture Readers* would be in less demand than they appear to be at present. Yours truly,

"ABEL CLINCHITAL."

The second note was of a more affable description, though equally uncompliant, and was much underlined.

"Dear Mr. Rivers,—Any request on the part of one whom I so HIGHLY ESTEEM as yourself, would, I need hardly say, most cordially be acceded to, were it in my power to do so. Unhappily, the demands at present made upon me are so numerous, that I find it impossible to add to my list of subscriptions. With real pain, therefore, I must decline assisting in the good cause which your note brings before me.

"I am yours, heartily,

"SAMUEL BUTTERWORTH."

Not very encouraging all this sort of thing to a man who might be said to be feeling his way in a new place. Mr. Rivers had now been vicar of Ledesdale about two months, and had quite begun to feel the difference between his little country village, with its five hundred people, and a parish in the mining district of England, with a population over eleven thousand. He had no curate either at present, which was a great inconvenience to him; and another want he had, which many people would consider even worse, for he had no wife! For

five-and-thirty years had he lived in philosophical contentment without that "last best gift to man," which is vulgarly supposed essential to his happiness and well-being. Not that Mr. Rivers was a woman-hater by any means. By his own admission an ideal being with "sapphire eyes" (his description never got beyond that point) was wont to sit beside him as he wrote or studied, and place those delightful orbs entirely at his service. Whether the owner of the eyes ever made puddings or darned stockings he cared not to inquire. She called him "Charles," and how delightful that was! However, time wore on, and still the only representative of the "sect" to be met with on the premises was Mrs. Martha Maybury, who had neither "sapphire eyes" nor a nose worth speaking of; but she had a heart, and, as everybody said, that "heart was in her work." Mr. Rivers could have wished his prime minister's heart had not been so much in door handles; when once she set to work on that knobby subject, farewell to composition or anything else agreeable, for her rattling was heard all over the house. Once, indeed—and Martha never could relate the fact without a perceptible decrease of colour—one Saturday morning she had imprudently ventured on the study door handle, while her master sat within, hard up in his "second head." Scarcely had she seized the brazen article in question, and gently shaken it in its socket, than with one stride he stood before the affrighted damsel, and in a voice of thunder commanded her to desist. Martha's heart was at once out of the door handle and in her mouth, "for," as she justly observed, "Master was mostly so mild spoken a gentleman, that to see him flare up that way like a wild tiger, was enough to put one of a shake."

Martha's opinion of the new scene of action in which she had lately been installed, may be gathered by the following cullings from her correspondence. "The horriddest, uncomfortablest, heathenishist, outlandishest place, you wouldn't never like to set your eyes on. Why, you might empty the river Thames over it one day, and the next not see a yard afore you for dirt. And as for caps and ribbons, my dear, I intend to go into widow's weeds at onst, and never come out no more till I come out of here myself for ever." A resolution which, it may be observed, she by no means carried into effect—her general prepossession being rather in favour of a flaunty appearance than otherwise.

"Pepper," said Mr. Rivers, as he at length deigned to notice his companion's manœuvres, "this is a queer world in which you and I live." In a few expressive barks, Pepper assured his master that this sentiment had been uppermost in his own mind at the time. "And though this is a very ugly part of it, Pepper, and though you and I by no means improve in our appearance as we walk along, there are uglier things about it than its scenery, little dog—things much less easy to put up with, my humble friend." Pepper was so much delighted at this proof of his master's confidence, that the ankles of various old women and children were severely harassed in consequence, during the remainder of the walk home.

KEW GARDENS.

I.

It needs no deep study of the nature of Father Thames to become aware that naturally he is a very aggressive river. His rippling flood, tamed and civilized now, hemmed in by embankments skirting lands reclaimed, ran riot once through marsh and willow-brake, over many a weary mile. Once (though it must have been a long

time ago) Father Thames ran riot in this fashion over the land on which at present stand the pleasure-grounds and botanical gardens of Kew. Such is the tradition, and one need not doubt it. Let us, then, picture to ourselves a dreary waste of rush and quagmire, with stagnant water between—an expanse tenanted with frogs and waterfowl—painted Britons occasionally coming upon the scene. It matters not much to you and to me when that era of sloppy desolation came to an end, and the epoch of dry land began. It matters little to you and to me, when the last painted Briton snared wild ducks on the spot where now grow palm trees, and when the gardener first planted oaks and elms where willows had been. The date concerns us not; but the fact of a transmutation from swamp to dry land is worthy to be noted. Except we bear in mind what Kew Gardens were, we shall not half understand the triumph which art has since achieved.

From the era of swamp and willow, frogs and waterfowl, to the time when forest trees had grown tall, and Kew House had been built, long centuries elapsed. About 1650, however, a certain Mr. Bennett inhabited Kew House; a fine old English gentleman, no doubt—one who, having died, would soon have been forgotten, had not a fair daughter been born to him, who (but in what year of her age I cannot make out,) by giving her hand in matrimony to Lord Capel, added to the broad acres of his lordship the house and gardens of Kew. This property was not destined to remain long an appanage to the noble family of Capel. Lady Louisa Capel marrying a certain Mr. Molyneux, secretary to George II, when Prince of Wales, the property became his. But, before telling how the yet private mansion and grounds are adopted by royalty, and made the residence of kings and queens, princes and princesses, let us pause awhile and explain to the reader how, being already in London, he may get there. I know of four chief roads from London to Kew: one of them the River Thames, two of them railroads, the fourth an old-fashioned turnpike-road with new-fashioned omnibuses running upon it. Take to the water if you can—and in summer-time you always can. The gardens are only opened to the public at one o'clock, so you need not be in a hurry; and I would seriously recommend a hearty breakfast, or early lunch; for eating and drinking are forbidden within the precincts of Kew Gardens.

By some means—it matters not how—we are there. We cross the bridge, turn to the right, and see the handsome iron gates of the botanical garden straight before us. We enter, and, desiring to profit by our visit, we purchase two little books of an attendant. One book is a guide to the gardens themselves; the other a description of curiosities contained in each of the two museums.

Before commencing our botanical ramble, I must finish my little narrative of the history and fortunes of Kew Gardens. As we have seen, they came by marriage into the possession of Mr. Molyneux, private secretary to George II, whilst the latter was Prince of Wales. Subsequently, the Prince of Wales, (son to George II, and father to George III,) admiring the beauty of the grounds, took a long lease of them, about 1730, and this circumstance marks the first dawn of the renown of Kew Gardens as a royal property. The grounds at that time covered no more than 270 acres. They were moderately ornamental according to the style of ornament then prevalent in gentlemen's grounds, but not ornamented to the satisfaction of either Prince or Princess of Wales. The former began to alter the pleasure-grounds to his taste; death overtook him in his labours, and Kew Gardens might have languished had not the Dowager Prin-

cess of Wales participated in her husband's love of horticulture. Most ably did she carry out his views. The landscape style of English gardening (the style having nature for its guide) had not then been cherished and brought into vogue; winding sylvan paths losing themselves amidst shrub and trees; rocks emulating nature, and bursting from the turf, moss-covered and fern-crowned—that style was yet to be invented. Long vistas, prim and regular temples in the distance, and statues by the way—the Italian style of gardening in point of fact—such was the taste of the time. The Italian style of gardening is not without attractiveness, but its attractions are more suitable to a warm climate than to ours. Under the Princess Augusta of Wales, Sir William Chambers was employed to decorate the gardens with temples, a full account of which he published in a folio work with plates. I must leave the temples to themselves, noticing them perhaps as they may come in our way by-and-by. Other objects of interest attract the visitor here, more strongly than these temples with pagan names—objects of natural history, trees, shrubs and flowers, gathered to this favoured spot from all quarters of the earth.

Let us not abuse this English climate of ours. Taken all in all, there is perhaps none so favourable to the preservation of health, as well as to the growth of trees, shrubs, and flowers of foreign lands. No; let us not speak too harshly of our fogs and our showers. Where would the velvety grass-turf of these islands be without much drenching? Oh, reviler of British dampness! oh, trumpeter of Italy's balmy air, vaunter of orange groves; of mountains, arbutus and rosemary clad; of wild vines hugging forest trees in their embrace, and clustered grapes festooning! oh, all ye travellers who rapturously vaunt dove-tenanted olive groves, fig trees bearing twice every year, and apricots to be had for the shaking! show me a land whereon so many foreign trees, shrubs, and flowers can be got to thrive as here in these isles, if we take but moderate care of them. Talk of Persian gardens! I say the gardens of old England would put them to shame. I say there can be no very beautiful garden without fine green turf. Now, fine green turf needs abundant showers. Moderate sunshine only it wants, but water unstinted. Sir William Hooker, the present Director of Kew Gardens, adds, if I mistake not, his high testimony in favour of our climate in relation to its effect on exotic vegetation.

The exotic portion of Kew Gardens was commenced by the same Princess Dowager of Wales who completed the formation of the pleasure grounds. Well, it happened in furtherance of this enlightened Princess's views, that at the time in question lived Archibald, Duke of Argyle—the same whom Horace Walpole calls the "treemonger," because of his passion for cultivating in his gardens at Whitton, near Hounslow, numerous foreign trees. Like a good subject as he was, the Duke of Argyle transferred from Whitton to Kew Gardens many of his choicest favourites. There once planted, they took root and grew up to their present goodly dimensions.

Our narrative has now advanced to the year 1759, by which time the botanical gardens of Kew must have acquired repute and risen into importance, for we find that Mr. W. Aiton, pupil of the celebrated Philip Miller, of the Chelsea Physic Gardens—belonging to the Apothecaries Company, and now half-ruined by factory-smoke, chemical fumes and soot—was placed in charge of them. The trees, shrubs, and flowers of Kew Gardens have prospered; but the trees, shrubs, and flowers of Chelsea Gardens have many of them gone on withering from year to year. The royal hey-day of Kew Gardens is now on the threshold of time. Already have we traced the

grounds from their ancient state of sloppy quagmireism up to the condition of a pleasure ground garden, laid out in straight walks, and decked with Italian temples, by the fostering care of a royal princess.

Time fleets on, bringing us to the year 1789. Now commenced the epoch of right royal occupation. The good King George III delighted to honour Kew. Some of the happiest of his days were there spent, and, alas! some later days sad and desolate. Whilst the curious trees of the treemonger Duke of Argyle were thrusting their roots downward, and raising their trunks aloft, passing on to an epoch of existence which is even now the babyhood of trees, though in the interval three English sovereigns have lived, grown old, and died, those trees, had they eyes to see, and ears to hear, and sense to understand, and tongues to speak, might read us many a homily on the quick-shifting scenes of human life, even though the actors be kings.

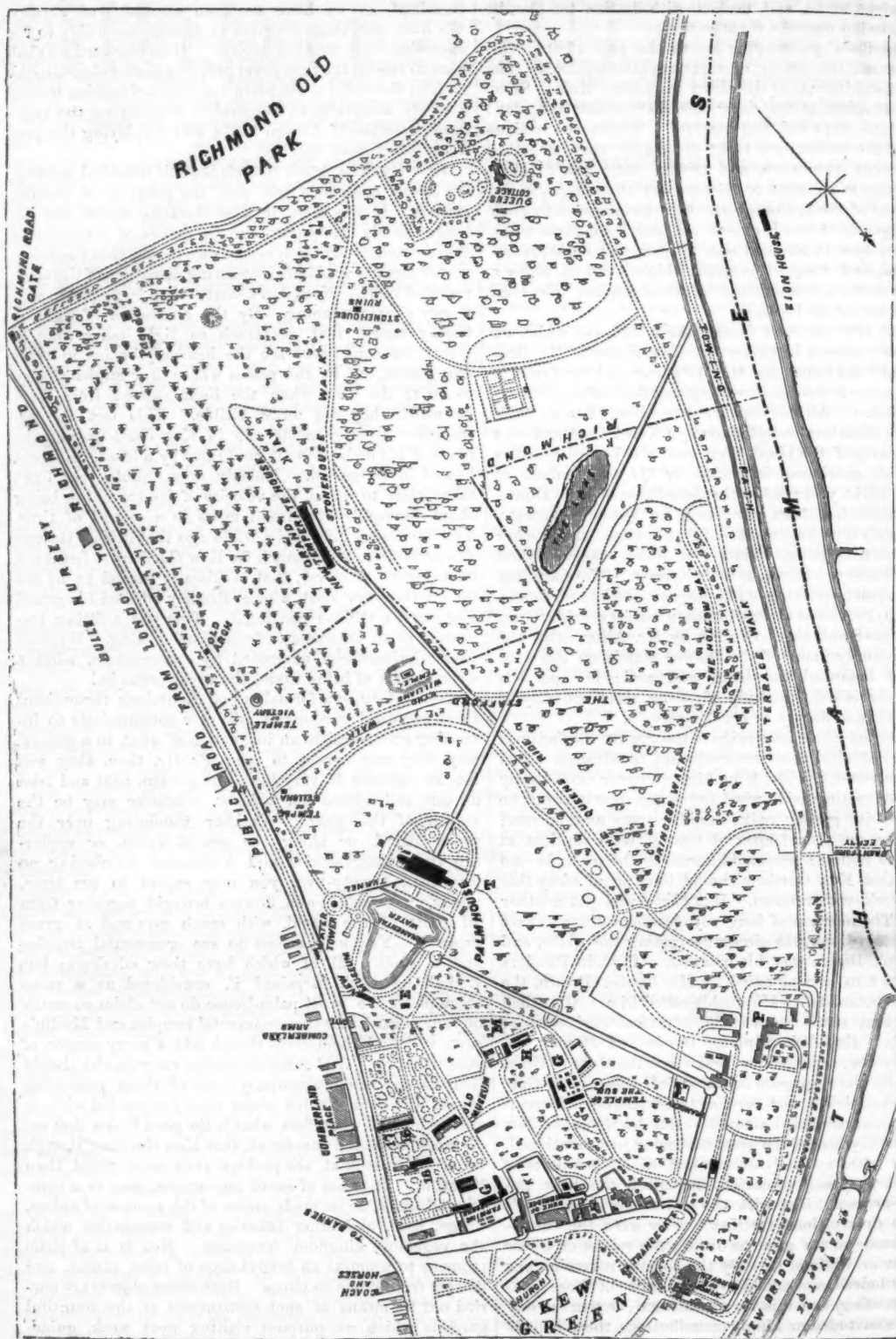
About 1789 the Kew House, the fortunes of which we have been tracing hitherto—the Kew House of Mr. Bennett, and Lord Capel, and Mr. Molyneux, and the Prince of Wales, father to George III—was pulled down after purchase by the latter. All its furniture was conveyed to an older mansion, since known by the name of Kew Palace, and once the property of Sir Hugh Portman, who is mentioned as “the rich gentleman knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kew.” Eight years before the demolition of Kew House, Kew Palace had been purchased for Queen Charlotte. Fortunately it so happened that Queen Charlotte, like her predecessor Augusta, Princess of Wales, was an ardent lover of botany. She ever took interest in the collection of plants; and, speaking of her Majesty, the late Sir James E. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, said, “that the genus *Strelitzia* (so called by Mr. Aiton, after the German family name of the Queen) stands on the sure basis of botanical knowledge and zeal; few persons having cherished the study of nature more ardently or cultivated it so deeply as her Majesty.”

During the whole long reign of George III, the fortunes of Kew Botanical Gardens continued to advance. And this is no wonder. The King himself, never more happy than when casting aside royal forms and courtly pomp, he wandered in garden-walks amidst trees and flowers; the Queen, an ardent lover of botany, both resident at Kew, both taking a personal interest in the grounds—no wonder that Kew Gardens should have acquired by this time a world-wide renown. But there was yet another cause. The new era of long-voyage explorations had set in. Captain Cook was circumnavigating the globe, and Sir Joseph Banks was his botanist. Captain Flinders succeeded him, accompanied by Mr. Robert Brown, the prince of botanists, as Humboldt called him. Mr. Allan Cunningham made known the botanical curiosities of Australia. Expeditions under Bowie and Masson respectively were organized to Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope. By the aggregate labours of all these, Kew Gardens were enriched with foreign trees, plants, and specimens to an unparalleled amount. Besides the collections due to the voyages of the great navigator just mentioned, botanists were specially despatched to distant parts of the world, purposely to enrich and adorn the Kew Botanical Gardens. But with the end of the good King's life came dreary times for Kew. Few were the contributions made to its gardens during the reigns of either George IV or William IV. By the former sovereign one hothouse indeed was added to the number of those previously existing, and it is very handsome; but in the way of royal solicitudes or kingly contributions, there is little else to record. Nevertheless, trees planted in more favoured times continued to grow, heedless of neglect.

Better days were soon to dawn for Kew Gardens. Up to the period which this record has reached, the gardens remained, as we have seen, an appanage of royalty. We have seen them progress or decline, according to the sovereign's solicitude or neglect. Henceforward we shall have to regard the once royal property as transferred to the nation; dedicated to the exclusive object of making botany a study accessible to the public; illustrating the vegetable growths of foreign lands, and displaying the products which they furnish.

Kew Gardens, great though is their botanical renown, are deeply associated, too, with the progress of another science. It was here, in Kew Gardens, whilst they belonged to Mr. Molyneux, and by means of instruments constructed by Mr. Molyneux's own hands, that the astronomer Bradley made his interesting discovery of the aberration of light. Now, don't start: 'tis a large word, with a very simple meaning. By the aberration of light is simply meant that, inasmuch as light takes time to travel, we can never see the heavenly-bodies in their true places, but in the places where they might chance to be at the time when the light started from them by which they are made visible. This fact the astronomer Bradley made out in Kew Gardens, and the truth of his deductions is confirmed by a totally different line of investigation. Nobody now doubts that light takes time to travel, the velocity of its travelling being about ninety-five thousand miles in a second of time. You have been informed a while ago that neither George IV nor William IV did much for Kew Gardens. Let it not be forgotten, however, that William IV caused to be set up on the very spot where Bradley effected his grand discovery, a tablet recording it. This was a fitting testimony to an astronomer from a sailor king. Without nautical almanacks composed by astronomers, what a weary waste of brine would the great ocean be!

Preparatory to a formal set of excursions throughout these beautiful gardens, I will now communicate to intending excursionists an intimation of what, in a general way, they may expect to see. Firstly, then, they will see an expanse of very beautiful garden, neat and trim as care and science can make it, whatever may be the season of the year. Whether wandering over the green sward, or along the gravel walks, or exploring the conservatories and hothouses, numbering no less than twenty-two, you may expect to see trees, plants, vegetables, and flowers brought together from all parts of the world, with much care and at great expense. You may expect to see ornamental temples and a grotto, all of which have their admirers; but I shall be much surprised if, considered as a mere show-place, the great palm-house do not claim so much of your regard, that the ornamental temples and Merlin's cave will find themselves thrust into a sorry corner of your memory. Lest some utilitarian excursionist should find his way into my company—one of those provoking people who cannot think about money expended without asking himself wherefore, what is the good?—let that individual be assured once for all, that Kew Gardens, though beautiful to look at, are perhaps even more useful than beautiful. It is not of small importance, even in a commercial sense, to be made aware of the sources of spices, drugs, food, and other luxuries and necessities which the vegetable kingdom furnishes. Nor is it of little moment to promote an interchange of trees, plants, and flowers from clime to clime. Both these objects are carried out by means of such institutions as the beautiful gardens which we purpose visiting next week, guide-book in hand; not as people of dry science exactly, nor yet as mere excursionists only.



PLAN OF KEW BOTANIC GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

1. First Conservatory, usually filled with Australian plants, G, G, H, etc. groups of houses with various classes of plants, numbered in the Garden from 1—22. H. Water Tank. M. Medical Garden. N. Old Palace. S. Tropical Acclimatization.